

Some Personal Recollections of Two Old Settlers

"Uncle Albert" and the Snake.

POSTHUMUS PAPERS OF THE INDIAN BAYOU HUNTING CLUB.

Some ten or a dozen years ago, a large crowd of Pensacolians, members of the Indian Bayou hunting club, left Pensacola on the sloop Frolic bound for Indian Bayou, on their annual camp hunt.

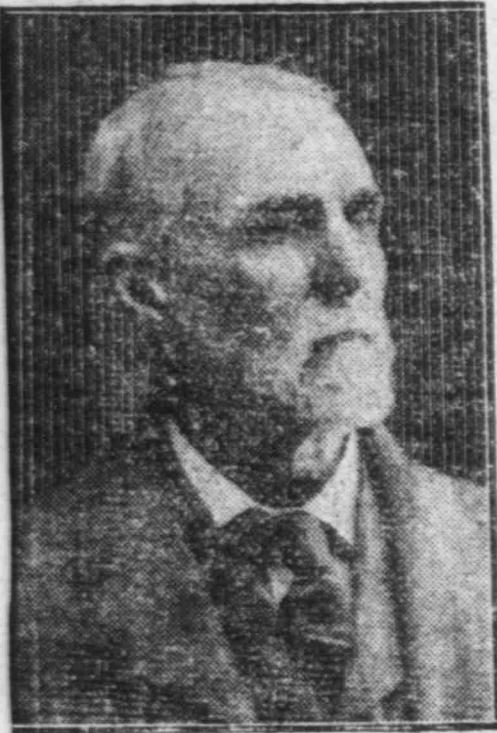
This hunting party was composed of as jolly a crowd of sportsmen as probably ever left Pensacola, or for that matter, any other point.

Every man in the crowd was an enthusiast in hunting or fishing, and most of them were good woodsmen, and able to play pilot for themselves.

The trip up the sound and into Choctawhatchee bay was made under fair winds, and before the sun was down our boat was made fast to the bank on Indian Bayou, the tents pitched, bedding and supplies landed, and an ample supply of fine fish secured for our supper and for early breakfast next morning.

The next day after a hearty breakfast the hunt for the day was planned and the stand each was expected to take made known to all.

Two men were assigned with the dogs to make the drive. On these expeditions, it is usually the plan to have only two regular meals a day, breakfast at about 8 a. m., and dinner from 4 to 5 p. m., and those getting tired of the hunt have the liberty of returning to camp after the first drive if they wish to do so, while others continue the hunt until late in the afternoon and at times, do not reach camp until after dark.



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The first day on this occasion proved to be successful, a fine deer being killed in the first drive, and sent to camp by some of the party who were fully satisfied with the morning's tramp. Others continued the hunt, and it was late in the evening, in fact, after sundown, when they reached

camp. While we were out on the hunt, a schooner from across the bay with a number of men and several ladies dropped anchor just opposite our camp and only a hundred or so yards away.

This party was on the same errand as ourselves, hunting and fishing. All the men of this party were well known to most of our Pensacola boys and they had been invited ashore and received a welcome to our camp.

After spending a short time with us, they started to return to their schooner, and at the landing were met by some of our party just returning from a successful fishing trip. Having so many fish, our visitors were supplied with as many as they would take and the others were sent up to camp to be dressed for supper and the next morning's breakfast.

Uncle Albert, our chief fisherman and end man for anything about camp, remained at the landing until it began to get dark. It was a little marshy for a few steps at the landing, and for a short distance poles had been cut and laid to walk on across this wet place, and after Uncle Albert had gotten his fishing tackle all arranged, he stepped on one of these poles and started for the camp, which was some fifty or sixty yards away on dry ground.

At the time he had on a pair of pants with large baggy legs, and he had not made more than two or three steps before a cry of terror was

heard in camp—"a snake is up my pants leg."

In a moment, there was commotion in camp and a hurrying in the direction of Uncle Albert's cries, he at the same time making his way towards the crowd and having both hands tight on the right leg of his pants and holding the snake by the head, he was doing his best to crush the latter's life out by choking him with his other hand about six inches below where the snake's head was.

As soon as Uncle Albert was reached, Mr. S. R. Mallory (our present U. S. Senator) seemed to grasp the situation, and immediately took out his pocket knife and commenced cutting across the snake just as near its head as he could get for Uncle Albert's left hand which still held the snake's head in a death-like grip.

As the knife cut through the clothing and began to enter the flesh of the reptile, Uncle Albert cried out in agony, "he's biting me now."

Up to this point, I had been a doubting Thomas, and took the whole affair as a huge burlesque, but when I heard this cry of agony and saw the blood begin to trickle from the cut in the pants, I was fully convinced that a serious tragedy was being enacted then and there, and instantly became deeply interested.

The crowd was packed around Uncle

(Continued on Thirteenth Page.)

..By..
N. B. COOK

Noted Families In Escambia County

..By..
I. E. ALLEN

George Barkley was one of Pensacola's prominent business men. As I remember him, he was about five feet, seven or eight inches in height, and I think he must have had at least a circumference of 75 inches! Notwithstanding his immense corporeity, he was a very agreeable old gentleman, and he and his family ranked among Pensacola's fine society. His store was one of the few brick buildings that the city had at the time of which I am writing, and he carried a large stock of general merchandise.

As I recollect, his store stood across the street, west of what was at that time, the old market house. They tell me the Lewis Bear wholesale brick building is built on the site of the once famous market house.

Mr. Barkley was said to be immensely rich, yet it was a familiar sight to see his five or six beautiful and highly accomplished daughters riding in their father's dray. I mention the above fact to illustrate the peculiarities of the man. His residence is still standing on Barkley's Point, and is, to my belief, one of the oldest buildings in Pensacola.

W. A. Bell was one of Pensacola's influential business men. I think he was a full-blooded Irishman, having all the characteristics of that patriotic nation. As I think of the old gentleman at this writing, he was of medium size with light hair and blue eyes. His residence impressed me very much, as it stood all alone, and was



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one of the few brick dwelling in Pensacola at that time. Although that historic house has been replaced by one of the finest buildings in the city—the new Episcopal church—it hurt my heart to see one after another of the old landmarks passing away.

Mr. Bell was Pensacola's leading

butcher, and, in fact, controlled that business, at that time. He had several sons and daughters, the names of whom I cannot now remember, but I know Wm. and John were two of the boys, and I can tell any of the family by their features. Mr. Bell at one time, had a cattle ranch at what was known as the six mile house.

Mr. Bell had a kinsman—a half brother, I think he was—by the name of John Boyce, who, unlike his kinsman, Mr. Bell, was very pugnacious.

On one occasion I met Mr. Boyce at the seven mile house—the Spotswood place—a gander pulling and shooting match being the source of attraction. George Yonge and John Duffey were enjoying a little game of "seven up" when Mr. Boyce walked up and slapped Mr. Yonge in the mouth. That was the signal for one of the prettiest little fistfights I ever saw. Mr. Boyce was a scientific boxer, and asked no man any difference in the prize ring. George Yonge was a man of not more than 150 pounds, with broad shoulders, small waist and heavy muscles. The contest between Boyce and Yonge lasted probably five minutes, when Boyce was the worse whipped man I ever saw. His eyes were so badly bunged that he was unable to ride his horse, and his friends placed him in his saddle and led the horse!

If I ever get to the Y's I'll write up George Yonge.

I. E. ALLEN.

Prize Puzzle Pictures for the Journal's Growing Army of Little Puzzlers

Below we publish ten pictures, nine of which represent words formed from letters in the first picture, the first of which is Pan.



ONE.



TWO.



THREE.



FOUR.



FIVE.



SIX.



"NO ADMITTANCE" BARRED ALL BUT FEW PUZZLERS

Prize Dollar Won This Week by Ed. Swayne.
Interesting Letters from The Journal's Little Friends.

"No Admittance" seems to have barred the puzzle army as effectively as a high barbed wire fence. Five missed even "No. 1," which was plainly given—one as "Box," though there is no "h" nor "x" in the words "No Admittance;" another as "Glove," two as "Glove box" and one as "Uncle." "No. 2," they give as "Cards," "Seven up," "Building blocks," "Ties," "Tied" and "Tide."

"No. 4," comes labeled, "Boss, Man, Boy, Messenger, Suitcase, Money, Coin, Copper and Change." "No. 5," as "Kitty, Mouser, Noise, Box, Fence, Wall and Roof." "No. 6," as "Holler, Yell, Mouth, Open, Summer and Exclamation Points." "No. 7," as "Rag time, Coon song, Cake walk, Side-step and Banjo." "No. 8," as "Billy does, Love letter, A. D. T., Boy, and Dude." "No. 9," as "Sunbonnet, Sunshade, Girl Lost, Flower Girl, Cutie, and Baby."

Now Puzzlers, wake up and see what you can find in Annapolis and try to find your word in the picture as well as in Annapolis.

The list of Ed Swayne of 402 W. Garden was the first drawn from the correct answers and he will please call for that dollar at The Journal office.

The correct answers to last week's puzzles are as follows:

Answers for Feb. 26.

No. 1—Mitten.
No. 2—Can.
No. 3—Dice.
No. 4—Cent.
No. 5—Cat.
No. 6—Ice.
No. 7—Dance.
No. 8—Note.
No. 9—Maiden.

The following boys and girls sent correct answers:

Correct Answers Received:

Richard Gonzalez, 323 W. Chase.
Walter Mayo, 109 N. Barcelona.
Rosa Bell Tharp, 1405 E. Jackson.
Annie R. Pfeiffer, 309 S. Barcelona.
Lillian Friedman, 204 W. Gregory.
Thomas Johnson, 316 E. Romana.
Emanuel Johnson, 316 E. Romana.
Mary M. Pons, 621 E. Government.
Fannie Waggenheim, 212 W. Wright.
Ed Swayne, 402 W. Garden.
Oscar Olsen, Perdido Wharf.
John Frenkel, 502 W. Gregory.
Amelia and Nora Tate, Roberts.

Partially Correct:

Homer Walker Laird, "No. 4 Cant, No. 9 Mite."
Will and Lola Lee Daniels, "No. 4 may be correct but is illegible," No. 9 Edna."
Earl Kelly, "No. 4 Coin."
Lucy Swayne, "No. 2 Tied."
Carrie Kelly, "No. 4 Coin."



SEVEN.



EIGHT.



NINE.

To the boy or girl whose name is drawn from the Correct Answers received at this office by next Thursday night, The Journal will give a Silver Dollar.

Will and Lola Lee Daniels, "No. 4 Mad."
Annie Bayless, "No. 4 Coin."
Sussie Harvey, "No. 4 Coin."
John Mayo, "No. 2 Tied, No. 9 Tot."
George Bradley, "No. 4 Coin."
Bertram Dannaheiser, "No. 2 Tied."
Jodie Sullivan, "No. 3 Name."

M. Oliver Brawner writes: "I am afraid of 'No Admittance.' It seems harder this time. Guess I'm too hard to please." Not at all, my boy but, you evidently do not "study" the puzzles very closely for you give "No. 4 Tom," but there is nothing in picture "No. 4" out of which to get the word "Tom." You will find them less difficult if you will remember that the correct answer to each picture must be not only spelled by letters in the word or phrase given, but must be found in the picture.

Neillie Wood, "No. 3 Tied."
Annie Willie Wood, "No. 3 Tied."
Miss Willie writes: "Don't like the slips to write on." But you probably like the fact that the uniformity of the answers increases chance at "that dollar," Miss Annie Willie.

A New Recruit.

Dear Mr. Editor—As this is my first attempt at answering your puzzles, I trust that some of these are correct. I am going to join the "Army" and try to send in a correct list every week and truly hope sooner or later to capture that "almighty dollar." Yours truly, Carrye Louise King, 128 E. Brainerd St., City.

And you are most welcome. This time you get all correct but "No. 4, 'Man,' which is fine for a first attempt. May capture that dollar soon. Your list is beautifully written.

Dear Puzzle Editor—We guessed the puzzles right last week and are sorry we did not send them in, as so few had them correct. Yours truly, Amelia and Nora Tate.

Roberts, Fla.

That was too bad. Nothing like

Answer Coupon.

My answers to the puzzles in The Journal today, are as follows:

1.....
2.....
3.....
4.....
5.....
6.....
7.....
8.....
9.....
10.....

Name.....

St. No.....

"keeping everlastingly at it." Little when you fail to send for your list ladies. And you are O. K. this time, are always so plainly written they too. The Puzzle Editor misses you are a pleasure.